THE LITTLE HIGH CHAIR.

Oh, the house of the Little High Chair
Owns many a throne, I declare.
And its kings and queens—they are small;
And the crowns that they wear—they are all
Made of softest and silkiest hair!

Sing hey, baby; hi, baby!
See, we bend the knee,
And homage pay, the livelong day,
To High Chair royalty!

Oh, the house of the Little High Chair!
Though kingdoms be burdened elsewhere,
Here the heart of the mother-love sings
To her dear little queens and her kings,
And the world is all happiness there!

Sing hey, baby; hi, baby!
See, we bend the knee,
And homage pay, the livelong day,
To High Chair royalty!

—Mary H. Flanner, in Good Housekeeping.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

In the wave of patriotic wrath and fervor that swept the land when the Maine was done to death in Havana harbor, many and many a youth who had sneered at the state guardsmen learned to wish that he too had given time and honest effort to the school of the soldier, for now, unless he had sufficient "pull" to win for him a staff position, his only hope was in the ranks.

And so, even in the recruit detachments of the regulars, were found scores of young men whose social status at home was on a plane much higher than that of many of their officers. But the time had come when the long and patient effort of the once despised militiamen had won deserved recognition. The commissions in the newly raised regiments were held almost exclusively by officers who had won them through long service with the National guard.

And in the midst of all the whirl of work in which he found himself, Lieut. Stuyvesant had been summoned to the tent of Gen. Drayton, commanding the great encampment on the sand-lots south of the Presidio reservation, and bidden to tell what he knew of one Walter F. Foster, recruit —th cavalry, member of the detachment sent on via the Denver and Rio Grande to Ogden, then transferred to the Southern Pacific train No. 2 en route to San Francisco, which detachment was burned out of its car and the car out of its train early on the morning of the — of June, 1898, somewhere in the neighborhood of a station with the uncouth name of Beowawe in the heart of the Humboldt desert, and which Recruit Foster had totally disappeared the following evening, having been last seen by his comrades as the train was ferried across Carquinez Straits, 30 miles from Oakland Pier, and later by railway hands at Port Costa on the back trip of the big boat to the Benicia side.

There was little Stuyvesant could tell. He hardly remembered the man except as a fine-featured young fellow who seemed shy, nervous and unstrung, something Stuyvesant had hitherto attributed to the startling and painful experience of the fire, and who, furthermore, seemed desirous of dodging the lieutenant, which circumstance Stuyvesant could not fathom at all, and if anything rather resented.

He explained to the general that he was in no wise responsible for the care of the detachment. He had only casually met them at Ogden, and circumstances later had thrown him into closer relation.

But the veteran general was desirous of further information. He sat at the pine table in his plainly furnished tent, looking thoughtfully into the frank and handsome face of the young officer, his fingers beating a tattoo on the table-top. The general's eyes were somber, even sad at times. Beneath them lay lines of care and sorrow. His voice was low, his manner grave, courteous, even cold. He was studying his man and discussing in his mind how far he might confide in him.

Obedient to the general's invitation, Stuyvesant had taken a chair close to the commander's table and sat in silence awaiting further question. At last it came.

"You say he left nothing—no trace—behind?"

"There was nothing to leave, general. He had only a suit of underwear, in which he escaped from the car. The men say he had had money and a valise filled with things which he strove to keep from sight of any of his fellows. They say that he befriended a tough character by the name of Murray, who had enlisted with him, and they think Murray knows something about him."

"Where is Murray now?" asked the chief.

"In the guard-house at the Presidio. He gave the corporal in charge a good deal of trouble and was placed under guard the morning they reached the city. They had to spend the night with the Iowa regiment at Oakland pier."

Again the gray-haired general gave himself to thought. "Could you tell how he was dressed when he disappeared?" he finally asked.

"A young man in the second sleeper gave him a pair of worn blue serge trousers and his morocco slippers. Somebody else contributed a neglige shirt and a black-silk traveling-cap. He was wearing these when last I spoke to him at Sacramento, where he would not eat anything. I—I had wired ahead for dinner for them."

"Yes," said the general with sudden indignation in his tone, "and I'm told the company refused to reimburse you. What excuse did they give?"

"It's of little consequence, sir," laughed Stuyvesant. "The loss hasn't swamped me."

"That's as may be," answered the general. "It's the principle involved. That company is coining money by the thousands transporting troops at full rates, and some of the cars it furnished were simply abominable. What was the excuse given?"

"They said, or rather some official wrote, that they wouldn't reimburse us because they had already had to sustain the loss of that car due to the carelessness of our men, and their own train-hands, general, know there was no smoking and the men were all asleep. Foster had a very narrow escape, and Corporal Connelly was badly burned lugging Murray out."

The general took from a stack of correspondence at his right hand a letter on club paper, studied it a moment, and then glanced up at Stuyvesant. "Was not Col. Ray's regimet with you at Chickamauga?" he asked.

"It was expected when I left, general. You mean the —th Kentucky?"

"I mean his volunteer regiment—yes. I was wondering whether any of his family had gone thither. But you wouldn't be apt to know."

And Stuyvesant felt the blood beginning to mount to his face. He could answer for it that one member had not gone thither. He was wondering whether he ought to speak of it when Drayton finally turned upon him and held forth the letter. "Read that," said he, "but regard it as confidential."

It was such a letter as one frank old soldier might write another. It was one of a dozen that had come to Drayton that day asking his interest in behalf of some young soldier about joining his command. It was dated at Cincinnati five days earlier, and before Stuyvesant had read half through the page his hand was trembling.

"Dear Drayton," it said, "I am in a snarl, and I want your help. My sister's pet boy came out to try his hand at ranching near us last year. He had some money from his father and everything promised well for his success if he could have stuck to business. But he couldn't. Billy Ray, commanding my first squadron, was stationed with me, and the first thing I knew the boy was head over ears in love with Billy's daughter. I can't blame him. Marion, Junior, is as pretty a girl as ever grew up in the army, and she's a brave and winsome lass besides—her dad all over, as her mother says.

"Walter's ranch was 30 miles away, but he'd ride the 60 six times a week, if need be, to have a dance with Maidie Ray, and the cattle could go to the wolves. Then came the war. The governor of Kentucky gave Ray the command of a regiment, and that fool boy of mine begged him to take him along. Ray couldn't. Besides, I don't think he half liked Walter's devotion to the girl, though he hadn't anything against him exactly. Then I was retired and sent home, and the next thing my sister, Mrs. Foster, came tearing in to tell me that Walter had gone and enlisted—enlisted in the regulars at Denver and was going to 'Frisco and Manila, as he couldn't get to Cuba. She's completely broke up about it.

"Foster went to Washington and saw the president and got a commission for him in the signal corps—volunteers—and he should be with you by the time you get this, so I wired ahead. He isn't altogether a bad lot, but lacks horse sense, and gave his parents a good deal of anxiety in his varsity days abroad. He was in several scrapes along with a boon companion who seems to have been so much like him, physically and morally, that, motherlike, Mrs. Foster is sure that very much of which her Walter was accused was really done by Wally's chum. I'm not so sure of this myself, but at all events Foster made it a condition that the boy should cut loose from the evil association, as he called it, before certain debts would be paid. I don't know what soldier stuff there is in him—if any—but give him a fair start for old times' sake.

"I need not tell you that I wish you all the joy and success the double stars can bring. I'd be in it too but for that old Spottsylvania shot-hole and rheumatics. My eagles, however, will fold their wings and take a rest, but we'll flap 'em and scream every time you make a ten-strike.

"Yours as ever,

"MARTINDALE."

Stuyvesant did not look up at once after finishing the letter. When he did, and before he could speak, the general was holding out some telegrams, and these too he took and read—the almost agonized appeals of a mother for news of her boy—the anxious inquiries, coupled with suggestions of the veteran soldier concerning the only son of a beloved sister. Drayton's fine, thoughtful face was full of sympathy—his eyes clouded with anxiety and sorrow. Martindale was not the only old soldier in search of son or nephew that fateful summer.

"You see how hard it is to be able to send no tidings whatever," he said. "I sent to you in the hope that you might think of some possible explanation—might suggest some clew or theory. Can you?"

There was just one moment of silence, and then again Stuyvesant looked up, his blue eyes meeting the anxious gaze of the commander.

"General," he hazarded, "it is worth while to try Sacramento. Miss Ray is there."

CHAPTER V.

At sunset that evening the regiments destined to embark with the expedition commanded by Gen. Vinton were paraded for inspection in full marching order, while a dozen other commands less fortunate looked enviously on.

In front of the guard-house at the Presidio a dozen cavalrymen armed with the new carbine and dressed throughout for winter service, this being San Francisco June, had formed ranks under command of a sergeant and stood silently at ease awaiting the coming of the officer of the day. The accurate fit of their warm overcoats, the cut of their trooper trousers, the polish of their brasses and buttons, the snug, trim "set" of their belts, all combined to tell the skilled observer that these were regulars.

At a brief, curt "Sergeant, get out your prisoners," from the beardless lips of a young lieutenant, there was instant fumbling of big keys and clanking of iron from the hidden recesses of the guard-house.

The dismounted troopers sprang suddenly to attention. The guard split in two at its middle, each half facing outward, marched half a dozen paces away like the duelists of old days from the back to back position, halted, faced front once more, and stood again at ease, with a broad gap of a dozen paces between their inner flanks.

Into this space, shuffling dejectedly in some cases, stalking defiantly in others, slinking, shivering and decrepit in the case of two or three poor wrecks of the rum fiend, a stream of humanity in soiled soldier garb came pouring from the prison door and lined up under the eyes of vigilant non-commissioned officers in front of the young lieutenant in command.

There they stood, their eyes shifting nervously from group to group of huddling spectators, their shoulders hunched up to their ears—the riff-raff of the garrison—the few desperate, dangerous characters from the surrounding camps, an uncouth, uncanny lot at any time, but looking its worst in the drip of the floating fog-wreaths and the gloom and despond of dying day. The boom of the sunset gun from Alcatraz fell sullenly on the ear even as the soft trumpet of the cavalry, close at hand, began sounding the "retreat." At its last prolonged note the sharp crack of an old three-inch rifle echoed the report from Alcatraz, and from the invisible, mist-shrouded top of the staff the dripping folds of the storm-flag came flapping down in view, limp and bedraggled, and the guard sprang again to attention as a burly, red-faced, hearty-looking soldier, with a captain's insignia in loop and braid on the sleeves of his overcoat, broke a way through the group of lookers-on and, barely waiting for the salute and report of the young lieutenant commanding, began a sharp scrutiny of the prisoners before him.

Down along the line he went, until at the fourth man from the left in the front rank he stopped short. A bulky, thick-set soldier stood there, a sullen, semi-defiant look about his eyes, a grim set to the jaws bristling with a week-old beard of dirty black. Then came the snapping colloquy:

"Your name Murray?"

"That's what they call me."

"What was your name before that?"

"Jim."

Whereat there was a titter in the ranks of prisoners. Some of the guard even allowed their mouths to expand, and the groups of volunterrs, chuckling in keen enjoyment, came edging in closer.

Instantly the voice of the officer of the guard was heard ordering silence, and faces straightened out in the twinkling of an eye.

The elder officer, the captain, grew a trifle redder, but he was master of himself and the situation. It is with schoolboys as with soldiers, their master is the man whom pranks or impudence cannot annoy. The officer of the day let no tone of temper

"THAT MAN'S A DAMNED LIAR, AND THIS IS AN OUTRAGE."

into his next question. Looking straight into the shifting eyes, he waited for perfect silence, and then spoke:

"Jim what? I wish the name under which you served in your previous enlistment."

"Never said I'd served before."

"No. You declared you had not. But I know better. You're a deserter from the Seventh cavalry."

The face under the shrouding campaign hat went gray white with sudden twitch of the muscles, then set again, rigid and defiant. The eyes snapped angrily. The answer was sharp, yet seemed, as soldiers say, to "hang fire" a second.

"Never seen the Seventh cavalry in my life."

The officer of the day turned and beckoned to a figure hitherto kept well in the background, screened by the groups of surrounding volunteers. A man of middle age, smooth shaven and stout, dressed in business sack-suit, came sturdily forward and took position by the captain's side.

At sight of the newcomer Murray's face, that had regained a bit of its ruddy hue, again turned dirty white, and the boy lieutenant, eying him closely, saw the twitch of his thin, half-hidden lips.

"Point out your man," said the captain to the new arrival.

The civilian stepped forward, and without a word twice tapped with his forefinger the broad breast of Prisoner Murray and, never looking at him, turned again to the officer of the day.

"What was his name in the Seventh?" asked the latter.

"Sackett.'"

The captain turned to the officer of the guard. "Mr. Ray," said he, "separate Murray from the garrison prisoners and have him put in a cell. That man must be carefully guarded. You may dismiss the guard, sir."

And, followed by the stranger, Capt. Kress was leaving the ground when Murray seemed to recover himself, and in loud and defiant voice gave tongue:

"That man's a damned liar, and this is an outrage."

"Shut up, Murray!" shouted the sergeant on the guard, scandalized at such violation of military proprieties. "It's gagged you'll be, you idiot," he added between his set teeth, as with scowling face he bore down on the equally scowling prisoner. "Come out of that and step along here ahead of me. I'll put you where shoutin' won't help." And slowly, sullenly, Murray obeyed.

Slowly and in silence the groups of spectators broke up and sauntered away as the last of the prisoners dragged back into the guard-house, and the guard itself broke ranks and went within doors, leaving only the sentry pacing mechanically the narrow, hard-beaten path, the sergeant, and, at the turn of the road, the young lieutenant whom Capt. Kress had addressed as Mr. Ray. This officer, having silently received his superior's orders and seen to it that Murray was actually "behind the bars," had again come forth into the gathering twilight, the gloaming of a cheerless day, and having hastened to the bend, from which point the forms of the officer of the day and his associate were still faintly visible, stood gazing after them, a puzzled look in his brave young face.

Not yet a month in possession of his commission, here was a lad to whom every iota of the routine of a lieutenant's life was as familiar as though he had drawn the pay for a decade.

[To Be Continued.]

WHAT "V" MEANT.

A College Student's Mysterious Sign and Its Significance When Made Known.

Many years a young fellow entered the freshman class at Amherst college—a lad with a square jaw, a steady eye, a pleasant smile and a capacity for hard and persistent work. One day, after he had been in college about a week, he took a chair from his room into the hall, mounted it and nailed over the door a large square of cardboard on which was painted a large black letter V, and nothing else, says Youth's Companion.

College boys do not like mysteries, and the young man's neighbors tried to make him tell what the big V meant. Was it "for luck?" Was it a joke? What was it? The sophomores took it up and treated the freshman to some hazing; but he would make no answer to the questions they put. At last he was let alone, and his V remained over the door, merely a mark of the eccentricity of the occupant.

Four years passed. On commencement day Horace Maynard delivered the valedictory of his class, the highest honor the college bestowed. After he had left the platform, amid the applause of his fellow students and of the audience, one of his classmates accosted him:

"Was that what your 'V' meant? Were you after the valedictory when you tacked up that card?"

"Of course," Maynard replied. "What else could it have been? How else could I have got it?"

Maynard needed to tack no other letters over his door. The impetus he had gained carried him through life. He became a member of congress, attorney general of Tennessee, minister to Turkey and postmaster general, and adorned every position to which he was called.

Game to the Last.

A certain duke, while driving from the station to the park on his estate to inspect a company of artillery, observed a ragged urchin keeping pace with the carriage at his side. His grace, being struck with the cleanliness of the lad, asked him where he was going. The lad replied:

"To the park to see the dook and sogers."

The duke, feeling interested, stopped his carriage and opened the door to the lad, saying he could ride to the park with him.

The delighted lad, being in ignorance of who he was, kept his grace interested with the quaint remarks till the park gates were reached.

As the carriage entered it was saluted by the company and guns, whereupon his grace said to the lad:

"Now, can you show me where the duke is?"

The lad eyed his person all over, then, looking at the duke, replied, quite seriously:

"Well, I dunno, mister, but it's either you or me!"—London Spare Moments.

Preoccupation.

One of the familiar figures in our large cities is the busy "suburbanite" who, apparently, does all his reading on the trains that carry him to and from the down-town district. An elderly citizen of this class was on his homeward journey one evening sitting alone in a seat, with his knees braced against the seat in front of him, and was intensely absorbed in his evening newspaper, when the train on which he was riding ran into the rear end of a train just ahead. The engineer saw the danger in time to apply the brakes and avert a serious disaster, but the shock was severe enough to throw one of the passengers forward and knock off the hat of the busy suburbanite in question. He merely muttered, as he picked up his hat and went on with his reading, unconscious that anything unusual had happened: "I think you might at least have apologized for that!"—Youth's Companion.

BURNED AT THE STAKE.

Negro Lynched By a Posse of Citizens in Perry County, Miss.—He Made a Confession.

Gulf Port, Miss., Nov. 5.—A Negro, whose name has not yet been learned, was burned at the stake in Perry county, Miss., Saturday night. The crime for which the Negro suffered was committed early in the morning, and Mrs. Fortenberry was the victim. She is the wife of one of the most prominent men in that section. She was attacked, beaten into unconsciousness and criminally assaulted by the Negro. After recovering consciousness, while yet almost too weak to move, she began crying for help. Within a short time assistance reached her. She told the story of the crime and described the Negro. A posse was organized and search was begun for the criminal.

A Negro answering the description given by Mrs. Fortenberry was caught, taken and identified by her. She stated positively that he was the man who had committed the crime. The Negro then made a confession, telling all the details he had previously denied. An informal court was organized by the members of the posse. The trial resulted in a decision to burn the Negro. He was carried from the house to the exact scene of his crime and there burned to the stake.

THIRTY MEN HURT.

Combination Passenger and Stone Train Wrecked on the Monon at Bedford, Ind.

Bedford, Ind., Nov. 5.—A wreck occurred Monday night on the Monon track at the passenger station in this city in which 30 persons were injured. A combination passenger and stone train, running between Bedford, and the Perry, Matthews & Buskirk Stone Co.'s quarries, broke in two at the intersection of the Monon and Southern Indiana roads, coming together a few minutes later with a crash.

In the two passenger coaches were 100 quarrymen and officials. Of this number no less than 30 were bruised and injured by the collision, some of them seriously, if not fatally.

Among the seriously hurt are Andrew Lentz, quarryman; Michael Agnew, brakeman, and Edward Denniston, quarryman. All three of these men were injured internally.

John Torphy, superintendent of the mills, was badly cut. Many others were seriously bruised, but were able to make their way home without the use of ambulance.

The section of the train composed of stone cars had the air brakes applied, while the passenger coaches were without air brakes and could not be checked.

As the two sections collided all the men were thrown violently to the floor. Dr. Freeland, the attending physician, states that none of the injured men will die.

MILITARY ACADEMY BURNED.

Seventy-Five Students Were Rooming in the Building, But All Made Their Escape.

Denver, Col., Nov. 5.—Jarvis Hall Military academy, at Mont Clair, eight miles from Denver, a school for boys, maintained by the Episcopal church of the diocese of Colorado, was burned to the ground Monday, causing a loss estimated at $75,000. Seventy-five students roomed in the building, but all escaped without injury. The origin of the fire is unknown. A high wind prevailed, and although the Denver fire department responded to a call for help, all efforts to save the building were fruitless. It was insured for $40,000.

The library of Canon Rogers, rector of the academy, one of the finest in the west, was partially destroyed.

Powder Magazine Exploded.

Albuquerque, N. M., Nov. 5.—The powder magazine of the Santa Fe Pacific, at Williams, containing 2,000 pounds of powder, exploded, the shock breaking windows and glassware and tearing doors from houses. The magazine is supposed to have caught fire from sparks from an engine switching nearby. The engineer and switching crew escaped injury, but the cars and engine were wrecked. The damage will amount to many thousands of dollars.

Gen. Corbin Remembered.

Washington, Nov. 5.—Adjt. Gen. Corbin received a very beautiful gold-lined silver punch bowl and silver stand for glasses from the officers of his old regiment, the 24th, in which he served over 20 years ago, before he was transferred to the adjutant general department. This regiment is now in the Philippines.

Minister Wu Not Recalled.

Washington, Nov. 5.—Minister Wu has as yet received no notice from his government of its purpose to recall him to China. He was at the state department, but found the officials there without any confirmation of the report.

To Change the Situation.

London, Nov. 5.—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach announced that the government was communicating with the authorities in South Africa with a view to a change of the situation of the concentration camps and to an amelioration of their conditions.

Insurance Man Dead.

Kansas City, Nov. 5.—Joseph D. Sutton, one of the most widely known insurance men in the central west, died here, aged 56 years. He was formerly of Michigan and Indiana.